

Harry's no good very bad day

by Molly

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Summary: My summision to Flourish's challange ~warning~ Weird dream sequence - my personal favorite

Harry's no good very bad day

> <meta name="Author"> challange

\*\*Harry's no good very bad week\*\*

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\_A/N - This is my summision to Flourish's fanfiction challange. It's a little different then the others, but it still follows all the guidelines>\_

> <p>

Harry jumped out of bed and of course, as luck would have it, he stabbed his foot on Dean's new knitting needles. Why Dean had knitting needles, he had no idea. Some strange American fetish. Right then he was working on some booties for Hermione. He had given everyone a welcome back present the day before, and Harry was now the proud new owner of a red, and green Sporran. "But I'm not Scottish" he protested.

> "But it will go so well with the Kilt I'm knitting for you. Now leave me alone, I need to work." and that was the end of that strange conversation <br> "WHAT THE HECK!" he cried, grabbing his foot and stumbling backwards into the dresser. BAM! All his schoolbooks fell on the floor, one of them hitting him in the knee. "OUCH!" He said, swearing under his breath. Too concerned about the scrape on his knee, and the hole in his foot he didn't notice he had wandered into Ron's wardrobe, and got tied up in his robes. "Let go of me," he cried, waving his arms, trying his best to get untangled. Finally he found his way out, he tripped over Seamus's cat that had just ran in front of him to hide under his masters bed. Falling forwards, he landed on the floor with a big bang, and his glasses flew off his

face and slid across the floor and stopped somewhere under Seamus's bed, with the car. "Could things get any more worse?" Harry wondered as he tried to find his glasses, but not having much success, being half blind. "And I'm late for the first day of class's, at that" He finally found his glasses, but not after being attacked by the cat, and having his hand treated like a scratching pole. Wrapping a small piece of cloth around his hand to stop the bleeding he made his way down to west wing, where the Defense Against the Dark Arts were being held. Slipping into the back of the room, he sat down beside Ron and Hermione.

> "You're late" Hermione whispered, not looking at him, but keeping her eyes on the man at the front of the room. <br> "No really, I hadn't noticed" He hissed back. This was not helping his horrible, no good very bad day. Maybe I'll move to Australia, he grumbled to himself, thinking of the children's book he had read when he was younger. At least the Professor hadn't noticed he was late. He was too busy staring at the board, with his back to the class. Finally he turned around. Harry gasped loudly, but quickly put his hand over his mouth so not to cause attention to himself. This new profession looked well just like Voldemort. But yet that didn't make an ounce of sense. Why in the world would Voldemort be teaching their DADA class? He figured he wasn't the only one who noticed the resemblance, because half the class was staring at him in shock.

> "Hello Class, my name is Richard Nixon, and I will be your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher this year." He said in a choppy English accent. "This is my first year in this country of yours. I have lived in Albania for many years past, and I do not know the customs of your people." He pulled out a large book from his desk and laid it on the top. "Today we will start our lesson with the book Butterflies and there many uses, Does everyone have this book?" The class shook their heads, still in a confused state. Harry pulled out his book and opened it. He tried not to swear as the dropped the book on his finger. Gosh, this was one big book. He could care less about Butterflies. He cared as much for butterflies as he did for a beetle, and that wasn't saying much. "Now, your first assignment is to write a report on the butterfly of your choice. Class dismissed" Wow, if that wasn't a short class, Harry didn't know what was. Putting his book back in his bag, but not before dropping it on his toe, he made is way out of the classroom and to where Ron and Hermione were standing in the hall. <br> "I think I'm going to die" Harry groaned, rubbing his head from where he bumped it on the way out of the classroom. 'Or I should sit in bed and not move for the rest of the day. OUCH" He ran into a statue, and almost fell over if Ron hadn't caught him. "This is going to be a very long and painful day"

> Things didn't get any better as the week went on. So far Harry had gotten trampled on by a bunch of first years, fallen off his broom during practice, not once, but three times, bit his fork and cut his mouth, slipped in the shower, fallen out of bed at least once every night, practically run into every statue he came near, and had tripped at least five times. Things were certainly not looking up. At this rate he was going to kill himself before the first month, he thought as he pulled his poor body into bed that Sunday night. Then it hit him, being so preoccupied about not committing bodily harm to himself he had forgotten about that crazy DADA report that was due the next day. "DAMN" He shot out of bed, slamming his head on the shelf above him. <br> "Quiet, I'm trying to sleep over here" he heard someone whisper.

> "Sorry" he got out of bed as quietly as he could, not tripping over something for the first time that week and made his way down to the common room with his book and a piece or parchment. There was no one

there, and so he had the whole room to himself. Sitting down next to one of the lit torches, he started reading. <br>

> \_The green butterfly is found only in the highlands of Scotland. Living in Smoo cave, they only venture out during the time of the spring equinox. The villagers of Durness have known of these butterflies for centuries, but they have only been known by the wizard world for the last fifty years. According to local legend, these butterflies have magical power, that when possessed, they can be used for many different spells, such as those used for\_&|>  
> zzzzz and Harry was asleep.

>Dream Sequence&gt;&gt;&gt;&gt;<p>

He found himself in a large room, looking down he found himself dressed in Scottish garb, right down the kilt. I wonder if it's true what they say about Kilts, he thought to himself, but stopped before it was too late. Turning around, he noticed he wasn't alone. Standing in the room with him was a few dozen men, all also dressed in authentic Scottish garb. This dream was getting weirder and weirder.

><font> "Harry, there you are" A man said, a man he recognized as Mr. Grimwald, his forth year Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. "Right on time. You can Play James"<font>  
><font> "Play James? Who? What?"<font>  
><font> "Didn't you know? The Defense Against the Dark Arts League is putting on a reconstruction for the locals of the day Voldemort was defeated. You got here right in time to play James. Here&|quick&|we were right on the scene where Voldemort comes in" He pushed Harry on the stage "Places everyone&|places" Two people walk out on stage, one of them looks strangely like Ron, and the other like Hermione. Hermione is carrying a gingerbread man wearing some booties. She holds it up.<font>  
><font> "Look, Dean got the booties done in time. Don't they look cute on little Harry?"<font>  
><font> "Alright now everyone&|ACTION!"<font>  
><font> "James, what are we going to do" Hermione said in a high squeaky voice, a voice that certainly didn't sound like his mothers.<font>  
><font> "Umm&|I don't know dear" he replied, trying his best to adlib his way through this dream.<font>  
><font> "Good, now enter Sirius stage left" The door opened and out walked Draco.<font>  
><font> "What in the hell are you doing here?" Harry said, glaring at him.<font>  
><font> "I don't you, it's your damn dream after all" Draco hissed, glaring back.<font>  
><font> "Boys, Boys, what are you doing? Harry, that's not in the script." The director shot out.<font>  
><font> "What script?" Harry muttered under his breath.<font>

><font> "Harry, Harry didn't say anything, now did he" Hermione crooned to the gingerbread man. "Harry has been a good little boy and stuck right to the script." Mr. Grimwald groaned.<font>  
><font> "Alright, forget that scene. Go on to the one where You-Know-Who attacks. Now..Actors act"<font>  
><font> "I AM LORD VOLDEMORT!!" Mr. Nixon cried, jumping to the middle of the stage.<font>

><font> "No No No No No" Mr. Grimwald said, shaking his head in annoyance. "Who is this freak. Don't tell me that this is the guy we hired to play You-Know-Who. RONALD, get out here NOW!! " Ron ran out from behind the curtain wearing a yellow pair of knickers and a blue Pokka-dotted shirt. Harry could help but snicker.<font>  
><font> "Yes sir"<font>  
><font> "Who is this freak?"<font>  
><font> "That's Mr. Nixon, the man you hired to play You-Know-Who, sir"<font>  
><font> "I did"<font>  
><font> "Yes, you did sir"<font>  
><font> "Oh well then, I guess I did then. Although he really doesn't look anything like You-Know-Who, you know. Carry on then"<font>

><font> "How about this, do I look more like Voldemort now" Mr. Nixon waved his wand and suddenly standing in his place was Voldemort.<font>  
><font> "It's you," everyone in the audience gasped.<font>  
><font> "Yes, it is me..and I'm here to kill you Harry Potter." But instead of turning on Harry in the corner, he started towards the gingerbread man in Hermione's arms.<font>  
><font> "NO, I won't let you hurt my son" She cried, running as fast as she could over to where the real Harry was standing.<font>

><font> "James, do something. He's going to kill your son" Voldemort gave an evil laugh, and waving his wand, shot young Harry and turned him into cookie dust.<font>  
><font> "NO" Mr. Grimwald shouted, jumping unto the stage. "That is certainly not in the script. You're not supposed to kill Harry, that's not how the story goes."<font>  
><font> "I'm not following any script. I am Lord Voldemort." He pointed his wand at the director, who turned and fled to under his chair.<font>  
><font> "JAMES, do something" Hermione cried again, as she morning over the pieces of the little Harry.<font>  
><font> "Ummm Hocus Pocusâ€¦tiddly winks" Harry said, not knowing what else to do.<font>  
><font> "NOOO, not the dreaded tiddly winks spell" Voldemort cried. "OH MY GOD" and then as suddenly as he was there, he was gone, leaving a green butterfly in his place.<font>

"Harry Wake up" He heard a voice say, shaking his hard. He opened his eyes and looked up at Ron and Hermione who were shaking him. Hermione was eating a gingerbread cookie.

> "AHHHHHHHHH" He screamed, sitting up fast and bashing his head on the table." <br> "What's wrong?" Ron asked.  
> "Nothingâ€¦nothing" he replied, finally calming down. "I just had the weirdest dream..and you" he pointed to Hermione, "and you" he pointed to Ron " were in it. And so was our new DADA teacher, Mr. Nixon. It turned out that he was Voldemort." Ron shivered. <br> "Harry, Mr. Nixon was Voldemort. Dumbledore just found out last night. He tried to take over the school last night, and was defeated by Dumbledore and McGonagall. It turned out that he was cursing you so you'd be too beat up to defeat him."  
> "So that's why I've been running into everything under the sun this last week" <br> "That and the fact you're a clumsy fool" Hermione replied, laughing. "Now come on, it's time for breakfast."  
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End  
file.